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May 30, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Revolt Against Congress

FRANK S. MEYER

Three Approaches to Painting

MAURICE GROSSER

Governor Lee vs. Bureaucracy

SAM M. JONES

Articles and Reviews by JOHN ABBOT CLARK
RUSSELL KIRK • E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN • JAMES BURNHAM
L. BRENT BOZELL • ROY CAMPBELL • E. MERRILL ROOT



from WASHINGTON straight

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

(Mr. Jones is now making an extensive survey of the pre-election scene in the various states. His special reports will appear in this space from time to time.—THE EDITORS)

Governor Lee vs. Bureaucracy

Governor J. Bracken Lee of Utah is a nonconformist of distinction and his unorthodox views on taxation are not his only departure from the conventional mode.

In the first place, Governor Lee doesn't fit the politician's pattern although he has been extraordinarily successful in the political trade. A slender, urbane man, with time for courtesy and for careful enunciation of his beliefs, he could be doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—anything but a politician.

My introduction to the Governor lacked the formality usually accompanying interviews with public officials. We met in a motor court in Arizona. There were no secretaries or press agents to clutter up the interview, and the Governor spoke unreservedly and on the record—a welcome relief from politicians who qualify their revelations with the tagline, "don't quote me, but . . ."

Is Foreign Aid Constitutional?

As just about everyone knows, Mr. Lee is opposed to throwing good money after bad in the foreign aid racket. He is so opposed to this New Deal habit—which the Eisenhower Administration bought without a quiver, despite the Republican promises of a reformed international policy—that the Treasury seizes his assets to collect his income-tax payment: the Governor refuses to pay them as long as they are unconstitutionally spent on foreign aid. He is determined to make the federal government face the issue in a court procedure. And the issue is this: has the federal government the constitutional right to pitch billions of dollars around the world?

Some of the ablest constitutional lawyers in America agree with the Governor that the federal government has no such right—that it does so by a clear usurpation of power which the Constitution was drawn to prevent. "The Constitution," the Governor said to me, "was designed to regulate the activities of men in public office. The framers of the document foresaw that there could be two kinds of abuse of power—the honest and the dishonest. Some men honestly believe that their actions are in the public welfare even though they contravene the spirit and the letter of the Constitution. But the Constitution provides what may be done by the federal government. It leaves no loophole for those in power—honest or dishonest—to depart from the principle that all powers not specifically given the central government are reserved to the states and/or the people.

"We are inclined to forget," the Governor continued, "that the federal government was created by the states and that it is an instrument of the popular will—the servant, not the master. I believe a Governor should set an example in trying to find out what is happening to our constitutional freedoms. I have learned that I cannot get this test case into the courts through non-payment of income tax although the Constitution guarantees me and every other citizen a court hearing. But there are other resources. One procedure is to ask for a writ of prohibition on the Secretary of the Treasury to stop foreign aid payments. This is under consideration.

"Some people disagree with me," he added, "and I respect their opinions, but many more believe that my course is sound—that it is vital to our individual and national freedom to force a showdown."

No Off-the-Record Conferences

Governor Lee is moderately optimistic that he will be able to get his test case before the Supreme Court, and he said that this is the consensus of his legal advice.

He blamed secrecy for many of our present difficulties. He believes that the public business should be publicly conducted. And, consequently, the Governor of Utah holds no "executive sessions" and no "off-the-record conferences." Since his first year in office, Utah has shown an annual surplus, notwithstanding extensive state road-building programs and other public works.

"In recent years we have departed from the original concept of the American Republic," the Governor said. "Originally and even in our time, the relationship of the citizen to his government was one of mutual assistance—not the foreign aid variety—but a matter of respect and common trust.

"Most of us are proud of our heritage, con-

(Continued on p. 11)

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The WEEK

At the triennial convention of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Averell Harriman, judging that his coyness was beginning to pall on his public, launched his crash campaign for the Democratic nomination. There, and in a quickie Western tour, Governor Harriman showed how well he had absorbed the "spend and spend" lessons that he learned at Harry Hopkins' knee. Governor Harriman raised the slogan of a "New Vision," explaining that by this he has in mind New Deal+Fair Deal, raised to the *n*th power. Calling for a minimum hourly wage of \$1.25, he described himself as "a zealot" for Social Progress, which he defined to mean "expanded federal activity in economic affairs" and abolition of all right-to-work laws.

The International Ladies Garment Workers Union reports that it now has gross assets of \$236,567,291, including \$44,000,000 of net liquid assets. It has already at hand a sum of \$538,000 to use on the national election campaign, plus an unnamed amount at the disposition of locals for state campaigns. David Dubinsky, president of the union, is a Socialist. He assures us that he will make every dollar spent on the campaign bring in at least one hundred cents worth of political services from politicians of congenial views.

Secretary of State Dulles is taking the lead in pressing for the transformation of NATO from a military alliance into some sort of broad socio-economic institution distributing aid, knowhow and whatnot. One would think that a single UN is enough for one century.

Moscow's anti-Stalin tactic seems to have made an outstanding propaganda conquest. Sir Winston Churchill, speaking at Aachen, Germany, where he received the Charlemagne Prize for contributions to the cause of European unity, defined "Russia's anxieties about the safety of her homeland" as "deep and sincere." He took "the repudiation of Stalin" at face value, and looked toward the inclusion in NATO of "Russia and the Eastern European states." (He did not call the latter either "satellites" or "captive.") It will be a tragedy indeed if in the last act of a great career, in which he has so often been his people's champion, Sir Winston ends as their demoralizer.

Commander Lionel Crabb, the British frogman last reported as he surfaced near the Soviet cruiser lying in Portsmouth harbor, is an authentic hero of the world struggle against Communist imperialism. He must be presumed dead, by mishap or enemy action, or just possibly taken prisoner in order to be brainwashed before execution. Just what point did the British Labor Party wish to make by attacking the Eden government on the issue of Crabb? An indignant public reaction confirms the scornful vote in Commons that rejected the Labor attack.

The British parley with Singapore over self-rule broke down recently over the question of who shall control the Crown colony's internal security. On this point, Great Britain refused to give an inch despite the fulminations of Singapore's Chief Minister David Marshall. The lesson of Eastern Europe in the late 1940's evidently has not been entirely lost on the British. And that lesson is that the Number One spot in a menaced government is the control of the police.

Always anticipating the people's needs, the bureaucracy in England is there with complete advice on how to handle oneself, whatever the emergency. The latest publication of the Ministry of Transport is "A complete guide on how to deal with whales stranded on the sea shore." The Ministry, in a directive to the Receiver of Wrecks, summarizes the directions contained in the pamphlet as follows:

"Prop the animal up on an even keel so that it does not roll on its side submerging its blowhole in shallow water and drown. Keep it cool and wet. Sacking laid on the animal should be sprayed or doused with sea water. Send for the RSPCA [Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals]."

Local planners: please note the Stakhanovite diligence of their British cousins, and copy.

Eight years ago, an organization called Magazines for Friendship was founded. Its aim is, very simply, to get some of the magazines that normally end up in wastebaskets into the hands of foreigners, many of whom hunger for American periodicals, particularly of the non-self-conscious variety designed for American readers. Professor Albert Croissan, the organizer of Magazines for Friendship, reports that the USIS would welcome the opportunity to distribute second-hand magazines, which should be addressed to any of the following APO numbers: 206, 206A, 205, 291, 285, 794, 407, 742, 230, 16, 170, 85, 118, 676. Or, write to us for the addresses of universities and libraries abroad. Simply slit an envelope at the sides, laying it flat, and roll up the magazine. Four cents will carry **NATIONAL REVIEW**, and perhaps even a little cheer, to any corner of the world.

Foreign Aid: Applying the Rules

This week we list again the seven rules which should guide Congress on foreign aid. We apply these rules, in specific cases, as follows, and commend our application to Congress:

1. Yugoslavia. Tito, since his original dispute with Stalin, has received a billion dollars worth of military and economic aid, on the theory that this would pull him toward the West. But he has in fact moved steadily back toward Moscow. He is now acting as the Kremlin's "honest broker." Further aid to Tito is a direct contribution to our own destruction.

2. India. India's foreign policy is a Moscow-Peiping oriented neutralism. Her domestic policy is state socialism. We do get certain strategic materials from India, and to ensure that supply a small amount of aid is justified. Beyond that there is no reason for any aid to India unless India in return makes tangible concessions to us, such as: transit and service facilities for American airplanes; agreement on keeping Communist China out of the UN; use of Indian ports by the Anglo-American fleets; rejection of any deals with Moscow.

3. Ceylon. Primarily needed from Ceylon is the continued Western use of the naval base at Trincomalee and the two major airfields. Any aid to Ceylon should be so conditioned.

4. Burma, Indonesia. In these two amorphous nations, U.S. aid accomplishes nothing to our advantage. Instead of dispensing largesse, our representatives should try to convince U Nu and Sukarno of the error of their anti-Western neutralism and to create workable conditions for the entry of private investment. Naval rights in Indonesia would be a specific item worth bargaining for.

Seven Rules for Foreign Aid

I. The best form of foreign aid: private investment, trade, and travel.

II. No "unconditioned aid": foreign aid is justified only when we receive in return a definite quid pro quo—economic, political, or strategic.

III. Priority in foreign aid allocation to firm friends and allies; withdrawal of aid from those who give comfort to the enemy.

IV. No military aid unless it undeniably increases our own military security.

V. No long-term foreign aid commitments.

VI. No U.S. foreign aid distributed through the United Nations.

VII. A continuous check by Congress on foreign aid results.



5. *Greece.* Greece held the Mediterranean shore against a major Communist offensive. Greece therefore has earned the respect of the free world, which should extend limited aid toward reconstruction. We should, however, insist on a solution of the Cyprus issue that will safeguard Western bases in the Eastern Mediterranean.

6. *Germany.* Military aid to West Germany is a justified and necessary risk. It should, however, be correlated more closely with West German steps to build a serious military force, and with a combined campaign for German unification through free elections.

7. *Britain.* The close integration of Anglo-American air and naval dispositions entails what is in reality a mutual aid program. It would not seem unreasonable for Washington to object somewhat more strongly to Britain's appeasement-tending actions in her politico-economic relations with Moscow.

8. *France and Italy.* The only present justification for special aid to France and Italy is to secure certain bases, supply routes and depots for our own possible use. So long as France and Italy have mass Communist parties, their military forces cannot function against the Soviet Union. Until French and Italian governments emerge which are willing to proceed seriously against internal Communism, military aid to their forces is a total waste.

9. *Japan.* Unsatisfactory as are our relations with Japan in many respects, she is of key importance in counterbalancing a Communist-controlled China. Furthermore, we are indebted to her both for the continued retention of bases and for her restriction of trade with her natural outlets, now largely under Communist rule. Therefore, controlled aid to Japan is justified.

10. *Near East.* The Administration bill leaves vague the whole question of Near Eastern aid. It should be more strictly spelled out. Certainly no aid should be given to any Near Eastern nation that gets arms from the Soviet bloc or exchanges military missions therewith. Aid should be concentrated where it will strengthen the resistance to Soviet penetration. This means above all Turkey, together with Iraq, Iran and Pakistan. Firm conditions should be attached to aid for the others, in particular for the free-wheeling Nasser. (Unfortunately, the real reason why it is impossible to have a sensible aid policy in relation to the Near East is because we have no Near Eastern policy of any kind.)

11. *South Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, Thailand, Vietnam, Spain, Latin America.* Some of these are friends, but friends are not *per se* objects of charity. However, in terms of past sacrifice, of world strategy, of their future role in mutual plans, and of their own limited resources, aid to some of these nations is just and expedient. It may be that for some of them (Spain, for example) the amount could be usefully increased from the savings on freeloaders.

Softening up France

Soviet ballets and musicians perform in Paris theaters, and the Comédie Française in Moscow. The French Communist Party votes for socialist Premier Guy Mollet's government, even though it disagrees with his Algerian policy. Mollet and Foreign Minister Pineau accept an invitation to visit Moscow. French parliamentarians, trade unionists and intellectuals tour the Soviet Union. Tito visits Paris and praises peace in our time. *Pravda* praises French culture and declares that a Franco-Soviet Pact is the only road to peace and to a safe regulation of the German question. Tito leaves Paris. Mollet and Pineau reach Moscow.

What it adds up to is a Communist campaign, operating in the classic mode, to neutralize France and complete the disintegration of NATO.

Although Premier Mollet has protested that French Socialists will not be taken in by Moscow's new united front offers, success in this Communist campaign is not altogether to be ruled out.

In spite of 1812, there is a long tradition of Franco-Russian alliance, which Frenchmen of the most diverse sort have supported: Napoleon III, Clemenceau, Laval in face of the Third Reich, de Gaulle at the end of the war.

France, internally riven, ousted from Asia and all but driven from Africa, is desperate. Washington gives no sign of effective leadership for the non-Communist world. France may reason that it is better to go voluntarily into the bear's embrace.

Contempt for Congress

The sparring between the McClellan subcommittee and the Executive has dropped out of the news, but the battle is far from over. Senator McClellan, whose investigators were blocked at every turn by the Departments of State and Commerce in their efforts to determine what 200 items have been dropped from our strategic embargo list, has drafted two amendments designed to break through the wall of silence imposed by the Executive.

McClellan will bring up the first when the Foreign Aid Bill reaches the Senate floor in the next week or so. The second, an amendment on the Export Control Act, is still in Committee. These amendments would specifically require both Departments to keep Congress informed on all changes in U.S. embargo policy and to cooperate with qualified congressional investigators.

As the situation now stands, the Soviet Union and its satellites know what items are and are not embargoed: they need only put in an order to find out. But the same information is refused to members of the Congress. On grounds of security, of course.

Do We Or Don't We Believe in Burning Children?

Mr. Finis Farr, a Princeton alumnus who is very loyal to what he understands Princeton's traditions to be, calls our attention to an interesting episode which bares the ambivalence of Princeton's administrators toward the doctrine of "letting a student find out for himself about Life." That was the doctrine, Mr. Farr reminds us, with reference to which the overseers refused to stand in the way of the Whig-Cliosophic Society's confrontation with Life in the person of Alger Hiss. Let the students find out for themselves about Communism and perjury, said the academic world; there is nothing like experience.

A week or so after Hiss had spoken, Princeton authorities learned that a company called Manpower, Inc. had lined up a number of Princeton students, at \$1.60 an hour, to ferry some Lincoln-Mercury cars from an assembly plant at Metuchen, New Jersey, to car dealers anxious for delivery. All the plans had been made through Princeton's Bureau of Student Aid and Employment.

But then Princeton found out that the shortage of drivers was due to the fact that regular drivers were on strike. Instantly, the Dean's office acted to forbid students from going to Metuchen to pick up the cars. Several students appealed the decision, but they met with a hard resolution: nothing doing, said Princeton.

A few students, however, had left early for Metuchen, and picked up their cars. They "had reason to regret their premature acceptance of the job," the Princeton weekly reported, "for the job was looked upon by the strikers as pure 'scabbing.' Cars belonging to union members weaved in and out along Route #1 all that afternoon and night, wherever possible forcing the new cars off the road or into each other, and causing several minor accidents."

Comments Mr. Farr: "I take it that breaking *any* strike is so shocking and horrifying to a Liberal that of course students must be forbidden to do it. What does this do to the theory of learning through tears? For what better way to learn that unions are sacred and supra-legal than having a goon run your car off the road?"

None, that we can think of; none at all.

How to Put It?

We were struck by an item in a local newspaper that reported the speech of Mr. John S. Coleman, of the Burroughs Corporation, on taking over as president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. We hope to lay our hands on the entire address, but meanwhile it is worth while commenting on even the truncated version written up in the press.

Mr. Coleman urges businessmen to "play a creative role in controlling and directing" the change that is taking place in national policies. "Businessmen need a policy," Mr. Coleman said. To be sure, he conceded, "in a sense we [businessmen] do have a policy." But that policy is—you guessed it—"negative." "We believe in keeping government out of business. We believe in lower taxes. We want to reduce the civil service. All this is good, but it is still negative. The thing we have got to decide is what we are for."

We conservatives are bowed down under the load of demands that we act "constructively" (or, if you like, "affirmatively," or "creatively," or "positively"). If we happen to say, to give an example, "We are *against* hiring Communists in government," we can expect to be accused of negative criticism, because there is a negative word in that sentence. Our critics have won an enormous advantage, through repetitious criticism of our "negative" approach, for they have convinced many members of the community that dissent (if it flows from the Right) is necessarily crabbed and shrill—in a word, useless.

The remarkable step forward in technique, embodied in Mr. Coleman's observations, lies in the fact that he quotes a series of conservative objectives not one of which, in their formulation, contains a single negative word—not a single "against," not one "not," not even an unobtrusive "no"—and still we are chided for being negative!

"We believe in keeping government out of business" is the substitute, these days, for "we believe government should not go into business"—a formulation which, in behalf of constructiveness, conservatives have been deserting by the drove. Now we are told even this will not do. What will do? Nothing, we fear, short of letting government go into business, and to hell with it.

Mr. Coleman would do well to meditate on his quandary. If he is looking for a way of setting down conservative objectives that will not meet with the criticism of being negative, we think we can save him, and others engaged in a similar search, a lot of groping around. The only safe way for conservatives to put their case affirmatively is "We give up, you win, have it your way." That formulation, we guarantee, will be greeted throughout Liberaldom as a very constructive position indeed for businessmen to take.

The reporter who wrote up Mr. Coleman's talk saw through to the heart of the matter when he headlined the story, "Business Men Urged Not to Fight Change."

Ford Giveth; Ford Taketh Away

A few years ago, the Ford Foundation endowed with ample worldly goods a Fund for the Republic that has since played a leading part in the cold war against the nation's security and sanity.

About the same time, the Ford Foundation began doling out a meager annual allowance to the Chekhov Publishing House, which had undertaken to perform a greatly needed task in the cold war against Communism.

Pursuant to its objective, the Chekhov House has published 200 books in Russian, in more than 500,000 copies. These have included Russian classics banned in the Soviet Union; contemporary works of fiction and politics by non-Communist Russians; translations. Among them have been the only non-Communist history of Russia and economic study of Russia available in the Russian language; important reminiscences and biographies by exiles; works on the Soviet penal system; Churchill's *History of the Second World War*; Ortéga y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses*; Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. These books have been sold at low prices to Russian exiles throughout the world, and some of them have found their way through the Iron Curtain.

The Ford Foundation recently announced the withdrawal of its subsidy—which means (by necessary consequence) the liquidation of the project. This it does just at the time when the de-Stalinization campaign has opened up Russian minds (Communist as well as non-Communist) more widely than in a generation. The Ford Foundation's decision has the effect

of relieving the Kremlin of a serious competition in the process of reindoctrination.

We have some criticisms of the policies that the Chekhov House has followed: its "Great Russian" bias, for example, and an overweight of Liberal books it selects for translation. But we do not qualify our verdict on its liquidation. It is a political crime. Once again the Ford Foundation proves how little it deserves public confidence.

Postscript: The Fund for the Republic, with its substantial endowment, is still going strong in its war against effective domestic anti-Communism.

A Tale of the Islands

Senator Herbert H. Lehman thinks the United States should urge Great Britain to get out of Cyprus. That Senator Lehman suffers for the Cypriots is evident from the language of a resolution he recently introduced into the Senate on the subject: "The people of Cyprus cannot be ground under the heavy heel of repression . . . They have the right to have a voice in the determination of their future."

Britain is urged to swallow the medicine, no matter how bitter—"free world security considerations should be given due weight but should not be used as an excuse for the frustration of legitimate aspirations of the people of Cyprus," the resolution read in part.

Ten days later, Mr. Lehman was back on his feet again. And again, he had islands on the mind—Quemoy and the Matsus. But on this occasion Senator Lehman was the ruthless, clear-headed strategist, the statesman of enduring interests only. He inserted into the *Congressional Record* an "excellent" article recommending that the United States, in effect, blackmail Nationalist China into evacuating the offshore islands. If anybody lives on these offshore islands, Mr. Lehman is not, it would seem, aware of it. Certainly the desire of the inhabitants of Quemoy and the Matsus to remain free is not, as far as Mr. Lehman goes, a "legitimate aspiration." To the Senator from New York, the "heavy heel of repression" fits only the English, not the Communist, foot.

We have several complaints—of the kind we treasure—to the effect that **NATIONAL REVIEW** is no longer available in some of the waystations where, for the first few months, it was sold on the newsstands. The fault is ours, not the news company's: six weeks ago, according to a schedule we had laid out in November, we confined newsstand distribution to Washington and New York, as an economy measure. Individual arrangements can be made, however, for local distribution. Please address inquiries to Miss Horton, at **NATIONAL REVIEW**'s offices.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

New trends toward laxity in government security measures show that the Liberals' drive against the security system has won decisive victories

Washington observers are acknowledging the fruits of a lengthy Liberal campaign against the government's security system. The anti-security drive is producing decisive results, not only in the law courts where Communists and Communist suspects have chalked up one stunning victory after another, but within the system itself.

A number of executive departments, concretely the Army, Coast Guard, Atomic Energy Commission, and the Public Health Service, have instituted changes in their security regulations, over and beyond those required by recent court decisions. The changes tend to meet Liberal demands for "reform"; by the same token, they portend a general breakdown of the system.

An adequate security system and a system that rigidly applies the doctrine that government employment is "a privilege, not a right," is bound in some cases to nail undeserving victims. It is bound, that is to say, to fail in the task the Liberals have set up for it—namely, that of affording government employees roughly the same safeguards against mistaken security judgments to which they are entitled, by constitutional right, against mistaken criminal judgments.

"Reform" in the Army

The Army's new security directive, announced just the other day by Secretary Brucker, is illustrative of the new "reform"; moreover, it promises to be a model for other agencies. We can get an idea of the direction in which this particular reform is taking us by recalling one of the more outrageous features of the Truman security program. One of the things the McCarthy committee uncovered was that *current membership in the Communist Party* was not considered by

some government security officers to be sufficient reason, in and of itself, for declaring an employee a security risk.

Senator McCarthy was conducting an investigation of the Government Printing Office, and had the Director of Personnel of the GPO on the stand to explain the clearance of one Edward Rothschild in the teeth of abundant evidence that Rothschild was a Party member. The Director "explained" his agency's action in the following garbled but illuminating language:

"Seth Richardson [the chairman of the Loyalty Review Board under the Truman Administration] gave us the philosophy behind that. He gave us a long-winded story about the fact that some time ago he wanted to become a member of the IOOF [Odd Fellows] and had no knowledge of the charter and by-laws, but [merely] because it has a nice library of books he wanted to read. He said [therefore], it was the *purpose* of the membership [i.e., in the Communist Party], *why* you belonged, that was important. That was his explanation. He was our guide. [Emphasis supplied.]"

"Misguided Belief"

Seth Richardson's "philosophy" was never formalized by any security code, even under the Truman regime; and one assumes that its followers were discarded after the Eisenhower Administration had had time to revamp the program.

But now, in 1956, the Secretary of the Army formally instructs his security officers:

"In determining [whether a man is a security risk] . . . it is directed that the following factors be carefully considered:

". . . d) Whether membership in a cited organization [e.g., the Commu-

nist Party] was the result of actual belief in, or knowledge of, the subversive nature of the organization, or was the result of a desire for social activity, or misguided belief in *alleged* patriotic motive espoused by the organization."

With respect to membership in the Communist Party itself, the absurdity here is self-evident. (The point is not that the Communist Party has never enlisted a dupe, but that the chances of this happening in any given case are sufficiently remote, and the danger of guessing wrong about it sufficiently grave, to demand that a Party member be declared, automatically, a "risk.")

Communist Fronts

But the new instruction is disturbing also as regards Communist fronts. In evaluating front membership, questions of motive and knowledge are, of course, relevant. But government security regulations, including those of the Army, have always recognized this. The Army regulation that Secretary Brucker's new directive was designed to modify had provided that "participation in the activities of . . . [a front] organization . . . should be taken into account only when the subject's personal views were sympathetic to the subversive purpose of such organization."

But drawing attention to non-subversive motives for joining fronts, the new directive, in effect, orders security officers to be more credulous than heretofore when confronted with the claim by an employee that he was "duped." The *tendency* of the new directive toward laxity is what is important here: security officers are now on notice that the Army wants fewer doubtful cases resolved against the individual. If only for reasons of self-preservation, the average security officer will be on the lookout for ways to comply.

This tendency toward laxity is further illustrated in another provision of the Brucker directive:

"The fact that an individual's relatives or associates are, or have been engaged in activities . . . listed in the [risk] criteria will be used as allegation only if there is available information which indicates . . . that the individual is sympathetically influ-

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The Revolt Against Congress

The federal courts and the White House
are determined to emasculate Congress.
At stake: our political system. And only
Congress itself can fight this scheme

In the devious way in which revolutionary changes are engineered in this age of mass communications, the public is presently being conditioned to accept a constitutional transformation of fateful import. At stake is the survival of sufficient congressional power to balance the enormously swollen power of the modern Executive; and therewith, the survival of the most fundamental principle of American government—an effective system of checks and balances.

The pressure upon the Congress to yield all real powers to the President and his appointees is not, as it would have been in the brighter days of the Republic, the subject of an open national debate. Rather it is developed indirectly in the course of the arguments and the tactics employed in connection with successive passing political controversies: the demand for a ten-year *carte blanche* to the Executive in the dispensation of foreign aid; last year's open assault, and this year's flank-attack, upon the Bricker amendment; the Administration's outrageous dictate under which the McClellan Committee and the Congress were denied information available to foreign governments (information vitally necessary if the Congress was to know how its own directives, specified in the laws on the export of strategic materials to Iron-Curtain countries, were being carried out).

The same issue underlay the hurly-burly of the controversy around Senator McCarthy two years ago. And the backwash of that controversy is now working its slow way through the courts in the form of decisions upon the powers of investigating committees. The legal issue has been raised in a number of cases—most particularly in the Icardi case and the Watkins case. But it has not by any means been definitively settled.

There are strong signs that a judicial doctrine is being developed in the lower courts—one which may well appeal to the present membership of the Supreme Court—which would emasculate Congress' investigatory powers.

The courts in this respect, of course, are following, not, as in Mr. Dooley's simpler age, the election returns, but the attitudes and prejudices of the intellectual Establishment—the filtrate of those attitudes and prejudices as it is expressed in the product of the "opinion makers" of press, radio and television. And these almost to a man are champions of the Executive. Under cover of the slogan of "legislative encroachment," they have disseminated a theory of Executive power unknown to the Constitution.

Such theories, of course, since they involve the exercise of power, never remain idle speculations. It was political man, an ex-President of the United States, who a year or two ago put the doctrine at its clearest, declaring that the whole people look to the President "for leadership, and not confined within the limits of a written document. Every hope and every fear of his fellow citizens, almost every aspect of their welfare and activity, falls within the scope of his concern—indeed, within the scope of his duty." (My emphasis)

Presidential Supremacy

But whether in the blunt accents of Mr. Truman, or in the subtler language of the academy, or in the constantly repeated formulas of the columnists, a view of the Constitution is being put forward which would destroy the balance of powers and center authority in a plebiscitarian Leader-President. That Mr. Truman's practice, and the practice

FRANK S. MEYER

of his predecessor, was based on such a theory, the history of the twenty years between 1932 and 1952 confirms. And the four years since have done little to reverse the trend.

In practice and in theory, Presidential supremacy is asserted, not as a proposal for a change or "improvement" of the Constitution, but as in fact the law of the land which must not be changed without inviting anarchy and threatening the security of the nation. And to add insult to injury, the proponents of Presidential supremacy have set up a drum-fire of accusation that it is the Congress which is stepping beyond its proper bounds, that the balance of powers is threatened by "legislative encroachment."

Mr. Brownell's Memorandum

It was at the climax of the McCarthy controversy that executive arrogance received its most detailed formulation. In President Eisenhower's directive to the Department of Defense, severely limiting the testimony of members of the Administration, and in Attorney General Brownell's memorandum submitted therewith, a very specific and time-honored set of precedents (directed toward preserving the privacy of the President's personal counsels) was juggled to cover a very different contemporary situation; namely, the activities of a widespread and populous bureaucracy. The extension of secrecy to the activities of some 2,000,000 federal employees, and the exclusion of the Legislature from information concerning those activities, raises an entirely different point, the spirit of which is in no way covered by the earlier precedents.

Mr. Brownell's memorandum cites twenty-six instances of refusal of information to the Congress, fifteen of

which occurred during the Administrations of Roosevelt and Truman. But in all the Administrations from Washington to Hoover there were only eleven such instances. Furthermore, each of the earlier precedents cited had to do with a single occasion of refusal to submit to the Congress papers, either of the President himself or of one of his immediate advisors; while a number of those cited from the last two Administrations were blanket orders, cutting off the Congress from access to information in wide areas of the governmental bureaucracy for an indefinite period.

This indeed is the heart of the matter. The developments of the past thirty years have brought into existence a tremendous new power — a far-flung bureaucracy that enforces administrative law upon tens of millions of citizens every day. The hot-house development of that bureaucracy and of the administrative law which has grown apace with its growth, makes comparison with the limited executive establishments of Washington or Buchanan or Cleveland absurd.

To Maintain the Balance

A true balance of powers cannot exist in the abstract. It is a concept which in its very nature is concrete and empiric. If one power is strengthened, the others must also be; or they inevitably become totally subordinated to the strongest. Because of the character of its function, the Executive has harvested most of the power accruing to the federal government from the unconscionable growth of state power over recent decades.

A reduction to constitutional limits of the activity of the federal government would be the quickest way to redress the balance. But that is an unlikely immediate event—and, in fact, one which will never take place on the initiative of the Executive. Therefore, to the degree that the power of the Executive cannot immediately be cut, the power—and particularly the negative power, the restraining power—of the other branches must be increased.

The Judiciary lacks the independent sanctions to resist over any considerable period of time the pressure of a powerful Executive, with congruent

strength from the Legislature. The legislative branch, accordingly, must exploit its reserves of constitutional power and match the increased strength of the Executive.

Traditionally, as in the classical example of the struggle of the British Parliament against the Stuarts, the strength of the Legislature has lain in control of the purse-strings and in the power of impeachment (or, in its British analogue, the bill of attainder). But impeachment, like the hydrogen bomb, is a weapon whose very strength inhibits its use except in the most extreme situations. And control of appropriations has become, with the far-flung operations of modern government, a restraint exceedingly difficult to bring to bear. This is particularly the case when so large a portion of expenditure is associated with measures of defense. Besides, a few hundred Congressmen and Senators simply cannot keep up with the ramified activities of a federal bureaucracy of two-million odd.

Likewise, the power of law-making, once the state has entered the field of positive activities (a condition which is the result of welfare-state ideas, one never foreseen in the Constitution) becomes less and less effective as a means of control by the Congress over the actions of the Executive. The sort of law envisaged by the makers of the Constitution was fundamentally regulative in character—rules of the game, so to speak—laying down the conditions for the inter-relationships of citizens. Whereas the laws of which we have had so many in recent years empower the government to act in multitudinous ways directly affecting individuals. Whatever the Congress does in drafting legislation, the effective meaning of the law is determined by those who enforce it. This modern phenomenon substantially transfers from the Congress to the Executive a large measure of the legislative power.

So much has this come to be accepted that Arthur N. Holcombe, in *The Yale Review* (March, 1954), writes without blinking an eyelash: "After all, the function of the Congress under the Federal Constitution is not to dictate legislative policy to the President. It is rather to insure that the policies of the Administration will not be carried into execution without substantial evidence of the consent of

the people in different parts of the country." An interesting idea! But the federal Constitution states in Article I, Section 1: "All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States. . . ."

The danger to the constitutional concept of divided powers and mutual checks upon single authority would be grave enough with the growth of the executive power proper. But, with the arrogation of a large part of the judicial and legislative powers by that same Executive, the danger becomes a hundredfold more serious. If the Constitution is to be preserved, the Congress must find the means to redress the balance.

The Investigatory Powers

It is primarily in the actual day-to-day administration that the usurpation occurs. Hence it is there that the power of the Congress must be exerted. And the Congress *has* reserves, firmly based in constitutional practice, by which it can influence this only sphere in which it can come to grips with executive aggrandizement.

The investigatory powers, and only these powers, enable the Congress to examine and take appropriate measures against executive usurpation in the concrete circumstances in which it occurs. Without them, the right to legislate and appropriate becomes a hollow formality. With them, the Congress may once again be able to attain its constitutional prerogatives as an equal of the Executive. Far from being restrained, as the current hue and cry demands, the investigatory powers will have to be much expanded, if the fundamental constitutional concept of checks and balances is to survive.

One does not have to agree with the pragmatic cynicism of Mr. Justice Jackson's opinion in the steel-seizure case, when he said: "If not good law, there was worldly wisdom in the maxim attributed to Napoleon that 'The tools belong to the man who can use them.'" But one can wholeheartedly agree with his next sentence: "We may say that power to legislate . . . belongs in the hands of Congress, but only Congress itself can prevent power from slipping through its fingers." And only Congress can defend the Constitution when Executive and Judiciary fail.

GOVERNOR LEE

(Continued from p. 2)

scious that our leadership in liberty is the world's best hope. But, unfortunately, for some years there has been a growing belief among men in public life that the people—from whom all official power derives—cannot be trusted. This has resulted in a sort of unofficial censorship that conceals all things which some bureaucrat rules undesirable for press and public consumption.

"Along with other Governors, I had an experience which typifies this lack of trust on the part of officialdom. At one of the regional conferences of Governors, General George C. Marshall spoke to us, delineating the international situation. Prior to his remarks, however, the conference went into 'closed session'; press and public were barred. When the General had concluded his observations, I asked him if there was anything in his message to us that was not known to the Russians. He replied that everything he had disclosed was probably known in complete detail to the Soviet Union. Naturally, I wanted to know why, if the enemy was already informed, knowledge should be withheld from our newspapers and the public. General Marshall replied, 'There are some things you can't tell the American people.'

Governor Lee believes that the philosophy of secrecy, of distrust, of denying public information on world conditions and developments, is at its worst in the field of foreign aid. Furthermore, he believes that the entire area of governmental relations with the individual citizen, and the public as a whole, is adversely affected by the ever-increasing number of officials, high and low, who subscribe to General Marshall's opinion. In Governor Lee's estimate, the average bureaucrat would like to refuse information to press and public whenever it is potentially a source of controversy. It is now, he pointed out, so much more commonplace for committees of Congress to be flouted by the Executive in their search for essential information that Congress manifests neither indignation nor a determination to insist on bureaucratic responsibility.

Governor Lee is a Republican. He indicated with unemotional objectivity a belief that Mr. Eisenhower

would be re-elected, on present prospects, against any of the Democratic front-runners. On the other hand, the Governor feels that something new might be added to the American scene, if the Democratic convention bypassed Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman and nominated a conservative—someone like Governor Frank Lausche of Ohio, for example.

Governor Lee believes that Mr. Lausche could be elected; that the five-time governor of the Buckeye State would be more than a match for Mr. Eisenhower—Peace, Prosperity and Harold Stassen included. Without attempting to anticipate the decision of the Democratic National

Convention, Mr. Lee said it would seem sensible to choose a candidate who has a good chance of winning, rather than one who has failed to make the grade before.

Governor Lee himself is a candidate for re-election. But that is the least of his worries. He believes that his record commends his services; and he is content to stand on that. His real problem is how this country can re-establish the sovereignty of the people.

"If," he said in conclusion, "we can dispense with any constitutional guarantees, we can by the same token reach the point where the Supreme Court itself could be abolished."

Don Juan Tenorio and the Man of Stone

Ten cuckolds slain without confession
In duels, by the waterfront
Of Hades, in a glum procession,
Are singing out from Charon's punt.

Ten weeping women dry their clothes,
Washed up along the homeless sands
By the Red Sea of perjured oaths
That shoals with amputated hands.

These were the fruits of all your
swagger
But through their tears will swim no
more
Those ice-cold fish, your sword and
dagger,
Whose fin-wake is a streak of gore.

For now the hour is aiming at you,
Tenorio! with its finger hooked.
Remember how you cuffed the statue
Upon the tomb, and how it looked.

And how it seemed to nod its head
When you invited it to dine.
If it were wise to tempt the dead,
You verify tonight at nine.

The stars are chirping like cicadas
With cold; but it is snug in here
At wolf-howl in the grey nevadas
Beneath this costly chandelier.

Pay off your cook, and sack your
butler;
Denounce your sacrilegious vow;
Though Satan were Toledo's cutler,
No swordplay could avail you now!

A sentence lawyers cannot garble

Has just been signed: the tombs lie
still,
But from their garrisons of marble
One headstone glides along the hill.

The moon rose masked and cocked
the pistol
Of silence to the world's bald head.
The river bridged itself with crystal
To his refrigerating tread.

His passing starched the breath of
bulls
Along the Guadalquivir's shore,
And froze the ferryman who pulls
More at his wineskin than his oar.

It seems your hounds have scented
trouble:
The hours limp lamely, moments drag:
Tenorio, pour yourself a double
To entertain the stalking crag.

Don Juan! It is too late for banter
The statue knocks: the door gives
way.
The whisky froze in the decanter
And has not melted to this day.

One handshake: then the detonation:
A stench of nitre fills the hall.
The butler on investigation
Retrieved one tie-pin. That was all.

Out to the tombs the Civil Guard
Followed the clues of what they
heard.
But though one hand seems slightly
charred
The statue would not speak one word.

ROY CAMPBELL



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Not All Frenchmen Are Mendès-France

Pourtalès is a pleasant nineteenth-century château built on an estate that slopes down to the Rhine at Robertsau, a suburb of Strasbourg. Five years ago it was leased by the Free Europe University in Exile, an institution sponsored by the American-backed Free Europe Committee, best known for Radio Free Europe and propaganda balloons.

Pourtalès was expanded in order to serve as resident center for a college of young exiles from the East European countries, who undertook special studies predicated on the perspective of liberation. A year and a half ago, under the pressure of the then budding Geneva spirit, the original plans were softened, and the resident center was reduced to a summer school. Still, something of the original idea lingers, and Pourtalès continues to express, if with rather a feeble flame, the goal of liberation.

Pourtalès was therefore an appropriate scene for the Special Session of the Assembly of Captive European Nations (ACEN) held there last month (April 12-15). The ACEN is now a continuing organization, with a directing committee, a permanent staff and office (20 W. 57 St., New York 19), and a liberation program.

This Special Session adopted a series of thoughtful resolutions, the most notable of which is a study of Soviet imperialism:

Since the disintegration of the Roman Empire, it is the first time that nations with a higher ethical, political, cultural, and economic standard have been forced under the heel of an inferior system. . . . The Soviet Union, posing as the champion of anti-colonialism . . . has become the only truly colonial power in the world.

Firm French Voices

For some while, the French voices reported in our press have (the eccentric Poujade apart) sounded va-

riations on appeasement. Premier Guy Mollet and ex-Premier Mendès-France compete in attacking American "militarism" and urging concessions to "the Russian viewpoint."

The sessions at Pourtalès proved that French opinion on international questions is not exhaustively expressed by Mollet, Mendès-France, Sartre and Thorez. Three French political leaders addressed the ACEN. The well-known Socialist, M. Naegele, spoke cautiously, in the style of a Socialist and a parliamentarian; but, still, he spoke. M. P. Pflimlin, of the liberal-Catholic MRP, a former Minister of Finance, greeted the exiles as the true representatives "of nine European nations who live under Communist domination," and made an acute critique of the new anti-Stalin line—"this bold gamble that has already scored unforeseen successes. . . ."

"I have a feeling of anguish," he said, "as I measure the extent of the work of disintegration already accomplished within our own countries."

M. Pflimlin concluded by defining "a decisive criterion" by which we may judge whether Moscow has shifted toward peace and freedom: "The proof will be given on the day that Russia grants the peoples of the satellite nations the right to make their own choice of their own destiny through genuinely free elections."

The most remarkable of the three speeches was given by M. Roger Duchet, chief of the conservative party group called the "Independents." His language was plain and hard. He proudly declared of his own party: "Free from any compromise with the French Communist Party, resolute adversaries of Communism in general, the Independents have taken the sharpest stand against that regime of brutality which Moscow has extended over half of Europe."

In an analysis at an intellectual level which no political leader in our country could match, M. Duchet re-

viewed the evolution of Soviet policy since Geneva, interpreted the 20th Congress, and explained "collective leadership." He summarized:

But Stalinism survives in the sense of the technique of domination by the Communist apparatus, stripped of the overly subjective features due to a megalomaniac perverted by his thirst for power. . . . Talk about a revolution here or there by legal methods is only a banal cold war trick. . . . Soviet foreign policy, subsequent to the 20th Congress, appears to rest . . . on the systematic exploitation of antagonisms between the free nations.

Cold Sense from Holland

Still more astonishing at the ACEN meeting were the words of F. J. Goedhart, a Socialist member of the Dutch parliament whose language was unsocialist indeed. His address was a blunt tribute to and criticism of America: a tribute for America's having saved Europe three times (from Wilhelm II, Hitler and Stalin) and a criticism for America's having now bogged down in indecision. But Mr. Goedhart's is "not the anti-American criticism offered by the Communists in Europe . . . but the criticism of a friend":

I feel loath to state that President Eisenhower sacrificed the great victory which was possible in Korea to his election victory. . . . America's great power has remained unexploited—mortgaged, as it were, by Europe's weakness. . . .

It is absurd to cajole [the underdeveloped countries] with presents and to keep after them with praise and declarations of love. The free world should aim at a greater political matter-of-factness when dealing with these questions. What America is doing with respect to Egypt seems to me rather silly. . . . In Europe they make fun of it and say: "If we here in Europe were to resign our NATO membership and start ordering our weapons from Moscow, America might take over our national debts" . . .

The alleged alternative between war and peaceful coexistence is a false alternative. . . . There is but one intelligent Western reaction [to the new Communist tactic]: no war, and no peaceful coexistence, but the maximum moral and political aid to the great oppressed masses of the Soviet Empire, and permanent support for the political aspirations of the exploited and oppressed masses of the satellite countries and of Russia itself.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Christianity: A Serious Social Force

Munich

If one asserts that the Continental Catholic is not a devout son of the Church, one has to admit at the same time that he is not a good Communist either. A poll by the *Institut Français d'Opinion Publique* shows that 49 per cent of all baptized Communist voters fast on Good Friday.

There seem to exist three salient currents of religious life in Europe west of the Iron Curtain: 1) The rural crisis and the rapid "urbanization" of the Faith; 2) the return of the intellectuals to institutionalized religion or, at least, to a very positive attitude towards the Faith; and 3) the new and friendly relationship between Catholics and Protestants, especially between Catholics and Lutherans.

In the nineteenth century, religion on the Continent derived its main support from two groups — the aristocracy (profoundly shaken by the French Revolution) and the peasantry. Even in 1920, almost 80 per cent of the seminarians and students of theology in Austria were of peasant stock; and the country-bred priest in the pulpit of the big city was the rule rather than the exception. But at present, to cite the Tyrol, 60 per cent of the theology students come from Innsbruck, the capital, and another 20 per cent from other cities.

The same phenomenon can be observed in most other Continental countries. The reason for this tremendous change is the fact that the countryside has not gone through the same purgatory as the cities which were bombed and raped and starved while the peasantry asked (and got) outrageous prices for its products on the black market. The war has spiritualized the cities—and turned the countryside to materialistic greed.

The impact of the city-bred priest on the rural districts has yet to be evaluated. Religion has become less sentimental and more intellectual. The old enmity of the working class against religion has abated. The working class was never "lost" to the

Faith; but, having crystallized outside the Church, it never did belong to her sphere of influence. It now often shows a new interest in Christianity.

The return of the European intellectuals to institutionalized religion began soon after World War One. It gained momentum through the cataclysm of World War Two. Totalitarianism was resisted only by those with a strong faith; and, apart from Communists and devoted Socialists, the Christians (and Conservatives) bore the brunt of the attack as well as of the defense. Their example made a profound impression. The moral prestige of Christianity is now such that even convinced atheists — if they are intelligent, and if they are not Communists — have become most reluctant to profess their negative faith. (In this connection: an Austrian radio station could not get an intelligent atheist or agnostic to argue against a believer; those who were well-known atheists, but were also known to be intelligent, flatly refused to take their stand.)

Thirty or fifty years ago, a religiously inspired essay or article never found its way into the secular press. The Unholy Liberal Inquisition saw to it that nothing "dogmatic" ever got into print, outside of the Catholic or Protestant ghetto. The surviving old liberals now realize that they have been sawing off the branch on which we all were sitting. Today, Protestants and Catholics have a strong position in Europe's learned societies, the periodicals and the daily press. As far as periodicals are concerned, some of the very best are in the hands of actively Christian laymen.

Very recently, on the other hand, we also see the rise of a new, lower-class anti-Christianism. The intellectualization of Christianity might possibly tend to alienate certain social layers which fall more easily for what de Tocqueville called the *fausses idées claires*, the simple but false ideas of brown, pink, and red com-

plexion. This development is perceptible in Germany no less than in Austria and it might have fatal consequences in a democratic framework where mass-whims count for more than the convictions of an élite.

The collaboration between Continental Catholics and Protestants (who should rather be called "Evangelists" — the term "Protestants" is not popular over here) would amaze Americans. There is a general acceptance of the fact that the division of the Church has been a major tragedy. At the same time it is being realized that, short of a miracle, it cannot be undone overnight and that, in the meantime, we ought to learn to live with and for each other.

A few examples:

Some years ago a big Catholic meeting was held in West Berlin. The presiding Catholic bishop was the guest of the Lutheran Bishop, Dr. Dibelius, for the duration of the meeting. Several Lutheran churches were put at the disposition of the Catholics and accommodation for thousands of visitors was organized by the Lutheran parishes.

No Catholic Diet takes place in Germany without an address by a delegate from the Evangelical Church.

Christ und Welt has many Catholic readers; it carries even marriage advertisements of Catholics looking for potential Catholic partners. Conversely, the Catholic bi-monthly *Hochland* displays on its masthead the name of an "Evangelical adviser."

There are numerous Catholic-Evangelical joint enterprises, starting with the mighty political Christian-Democratic Union down to shelters for the two railroad missions. There is, every year, a Catholic-Evangelical theological conference on the highest level in which professors of divinity participate under an alternating chairmanship. We have in Germany and Switzerland about forty churches held in common by the two denominations. And it is highly significant that the church of St. Petri in Bautzen (Soviet Germany), owned jointly by Lutherans and Catholics, had a rail, dividing the areas allotted to the two Faiths, removed two years ago. Under the Red Star, Rome and Wittenberg have taken a united stand in the sign of the Cross. This is also the deeper meaning of Evangelical Bishop Dibelius' recent visit to the Vatican.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Educationists' Utopia

Mr. Benjamin C. Willis, superintendent of the schools of Chicago, recently gave voice to dreams of glory. There is nothing new about his design for a "dream school," which he depicted some weeks ago to the convention of the National Association of Secondary School Principals. On the contrary, it is significant as a symptom of the ossified "progressive" notions that still dominate the hierarchy of public-school administrators. His words and his concepts are straight out of the twenties, unmodified by experience and later theory. More than Louis XVIII, Mr. Willis seems to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.

Unpleasant pressures threaten the Dream School which ought to become the universal pattern, according to Mr. Willis. These pressures are exemplified by annoying books like *Why Johnny Can't Read*. Reactionaries like the notorious Mr. Rudolf Flesch seem to think that a school is intended to teach young people certain intellectual disciplines. How shockingly undreamlike! For the school, according to Mr. Willis, is a place to have fun.

And you can't have fun if you try to make boys and girls learn the English language. "If we raise the hurdles, if we maintain ulterior and absolute standards in a narrow pattern of subjects, we shall squeeze some of our high school pupils out onto the street." And that would never do: the public school is supposed to be all things to all men. In the Dream School, "There is a place for every child of all the people, regardless of his past and his future. In it the youth may make his own place, regardless of gifts . . . There will be no hierarchy of subjects in the dream high school because there will be no hierarchy of talents or aspirations."

Mr. Kenneth Burke remarks that without hierarchy, in any society and in any domain of life, there can be no high achievement; without hierarchy, indeed, there cannot be law. In this

Dream School stripped of intellectual hierarchy, I am sure, talents and aspirations will have been abolished along with the hierarchy that governed them. Such a school has even ceased to be a "preparation for life." It has become a dream-substitute for real life. The child is kept a child, instead of being allowed to develop into a man. And the devotees of this scheme, it seems to me, would like to convert the hard, real non-school world of aspiration and accomplishment, also, into one great kindergarten, with men and women encouraged to follow amorphous whim and to indulge in feeble expressions of a "personality" which never is allowed to become mature.

But I should be unfair to the public-school administrators if I were to imply that Mr. Willis' utopian fancies (which very truly reflect the "Gnosticism" that Professor Eric Voegelin discerns at the root of humanitarian liberalism) are entertained by all his fellow superintendents. A heartening statement of a contrary nature was issued recently by the superintendent of the public schools of Detroit, Mr. Arthur Dondineau.

Commenting upon the proposed revision of the State Certification Code of Michigan (which was described in a recent page of mine in this journal), Mr. Dondineau expressed a thorough dissatisfaction with that curious Code's insistence upon increasing the number of courses in "education" which prospective teachers must take.

"It should be noted," he wrote, "that there is an insistent and growing demand from employers of young people who leave our schools for better preparation in the sciences, in language, in mathematics, and in general culture. . . . Many persons connected with the schools in the Detroit area have often expressed the opposite viewpoint, namely, that teachers need more adequate preparation in broad liberal education and in the content

fields in which they teach. They rarely express the view that teachers need more hours of courses in professional education."

In general, the proposed Code would be a backward step, Mr. Dondineau argued. Whether one is going forward or backward depends, of course, on where one wants to go. Mr. Dondineau wants to go on to real life; and he looks upon the schools as a means to that end.

But Mr. Willis seems to want to march grandiosely on to the Dream School and the Dream World, in which reality is something unmentionable, and in which the Educationist is to be a well-paid floor-walker in Chaos. He shudders at the prospect of being pushed "backward to the time when high school pupils were a selected group—selected on academic proficiency." Who wants proficiency? Self-expression is all. In his Dream School, "the print shop will be known to be as cultural as orchestra," and everybody will study everything, or nothing: woodshop, geometry, business law, Cicero. (These are Mr. Willis' own random subjects.)

So one develops his "potential" by forgetting the disagreeable business of learning to read, or to think in an orderly fashion. I am reminded of an all too actual case of the application of these principles. A school superintendent of the "progressive" breed wanted a decent high-school band to make a Roman holiday at the football games. But, to the dismay of the music-teacher, he did not allow the players any hours for training and practice in their instruments, since they were developing their personalities in the woodshop and elsewhere. When the football season came round, the superintendent beamed upon the music-teacher and said unto him, "I know you'll make a good showing with the band at the game tomorrow."

The music-teacher said glumly that he wouldn't.

"Why ever not?"

"Because most of the boys can't do any more than carry their instruments and march after a fashion. They haven't had time to learn to play."

The superintendent was aghast and indignant. "Can't you motivate them to play a little tune?"

Motivation is all, discipline nothing. And thus we stroll out of the Dream School into the Atomic Age.

Three Approaches to Painting

Three modern artists—Bonnard, Chagall, Picasso—are discussed, and defined, by a distinguished art critic, author of *The Painter's Eye*

MAURICE GROSSER

Fantasy, naturalism and abstraction are the three possible esthetics of painting in our time; and recent New York exhibitions of Chagall, Bonnard and Picasso presented clear examples of each. Fantasy was represented by Chagall. The subject of his pictures is the sentiment of love—the painter and his muse on a honeymoon, sometimes in a remembered Russian village, sometimes hovering in the air above a nocturnal Paris. The muse offers the painter flowers as he stands before his easel. Half youth, half rooster, floating above the Seine and the Sainte Chapelle, he paints her picture. As a village accordionist in a farmyard, he plays to her: he is the cock, she the cow. They stand embracing in a mountain cottage. Angels in spring serenade her and bring her flowers.

In these pictures there is no attempt at consistent sizes or perspective. We are in a dream world where everything has the size its relative importance needs, an interior world with no relation at all to that in which our bodies exist. The sentiment is charming. The paint surface has the richness and delicacy that only the School of Paris can provide. One notices in this whole series of pictures—they date from 1910 to 1953—that the color becomes progressively more decorative. It is built, for the most part, on a balance of red and blue, with bits of green, yellow, white and brown for accent, not unlike the color pattern of French thirteenth-century stained glass. In one of these pictures, an early one, "La Femme aux Fleurs" of 1910, there is a trace of Cézanne's characteristic handling of paint—a reference which is usually to be found somewhere in the work of any painter of the school that flourished in Paris between the World Wars, and which, I believe, accounts for the great charm of surface that all these painters possess. The pictures are all relatively simple, but skillful and quite honestly

naïve—the most delightful of valentines. They are, of course, not the most serious paintings in the world, but they are saved from being mere decoration by the reality of their sentiment.

Beauty of the World

Bonnard can scarcely be said to belong to the same epoch as Chagall and Picasso. As was Johann Sebastian Bach, he is a hangover from the past, a super-conservative. Just as Bach went on writing in the contrapuntal style while everyone else was playing with the *affetto* and with the intense expressiveness of accompanied melody, so Bonnard continued the Impressionists' preoccupation with the visual world long after everyone else had turned for subject-matter to the evocation of historic styles, to the depiction of subjective states, or to the subversion of middle-class values.

Bonnard carried the representation of light by paint to a point of vibrancy the Impressionists themselves had not attained. His subject-matter is that of the Impressionists: the charms and comforts of French middle-class life—food in the dining room, fruit and flowers from the garden, a child at his lessons, a landscape seen on an afternoon walk; all the pleasures of an ordered and peaceful existence.

These subjects, dangerous if not impossible for most painters of our century, Bonnard renders supremely well. There is no willful stylization whatsoever, though there is a great deal of omission. He omits, more often than not, all appearance of careful drawing, of school perspective, of any standard range of lights and shadows. There is a casualness about his painting, an ease that has nothing to do with the virtuoso or even with professionalism. The effect is that of something pleasantly and intelligently home-made.

The earliest picture shown in his exhibition, "The Moulin Rouge" of 1896, has the brown shadow tones, the flattened perspective, and the slight effect of caricature of the early paintings of Vuillard. In the later pictures, caricature disappears and color effects take over. The particularly fine "View of Vernon" of 1929—a landscape seen against the sun, an effect few painters have so well exploited—and the lovely "Still Life with Bottle of Red Wine" of 1942, with its white table cloth and convincing false perspective, show how much this painter knew about the little understood subject of the mutual alterations that take place when intense colors are juxtaposed. There is nothing capricious about these pictures. The painter is exploring with his eyes, and revealing on his canvas, the beauty of the world he sees around him. This is serious painting, at the same time unpretentious and complex, of a kind and quality not dissimilar to that of Renoir or Chardin.

Picasso vs. Woman

The eleven Picassos exhibited ranged from 1932 to 1949, but the choice of pictures—all were female heads or figures—gave the exhibition unity. As usual in the work of this painter, the convention of the painting is a reference to some earlier style. Here the stylistic evocation appeared to be Catalan-Byzantine wall decoration.

In these eleven pictures, the thick boundary lines of the forms and the careful shaping of the empty spaces recall the frescos in early Catalan churches, and the hieratic immobility of the seated figures calls to mind the mosaics at Ravenna. There is no representation of a third dimension—not even by implication—nor any modeling in the figures. The composition is flat. The technique is that of the post-

er. The simplicity of the painted areas and the unvaried and brush-wide outlines render the pictures visible at any distance. They are designed to shout. When one remembers the painter's long affiliation with the Surrealists, and with their program of systematic subversion, one is led to suspect that his intention is also to dismay.

The subject of these pictures, woman, is presented in her most unflattering aspects. Sometimes she is silly, as in the "Nu Couché" of 1932, where the romantic abandon of the body and the accompanying soft curves of the flowers and bed seem intended as a parody of Matisse. Sometimes she is wooden, as in the "Dame à la Fleur" of the same year, where the woman holding the flower seems to be herself a vegetable or flower form of insensitive shape and rowdy color. Or threatening, as in "La Dame à L'Artichaut" of 1942—a woman enthroned, a head with bull's eyes and nostrils, legs crossed in irritation, and one hand holding a scepter raised in command. Or watchful, as in the "Femme Assise" of 1946, a sort of African goddess, nude, hands on knees, mouth open, eye malignant. Or monstrous and comic, as in the "Femme Assise" of 1949, where the head and body melt into amoeba-like shapes, and all the features have slipped out of place.

The usual explanation of pictures like these is that they are purely decorative, that their value lies in the

simple beauty of shapes and colors which they undoubtedly possess. Of these canvases, however, this cannot be true. A decorative painting is a painting without an urgent subject. Its shapes divert the eye but not the mind. A Mondrian, a Jackson Pollock, have no story. On the wall they become a neutral ornamentation in today's best decorative style and do not involve the spectator in any way.

But these Picassos are no more neutral than his famous "Guernica," in which the same technical devices are used to impress upon the spectator the painter's horror of war and of Fascist cruelty. Here they are employed, apparently, to satirize woman-kind. The means are powerful; Picasso is an old and supremely skillful workman. But the impatience, or flippancy, or whatever lies behind the painting of these pictures, divorced as it is from any moral framework, seems both loud and trivial—like an advertising slogan blared over a public address system.

A Problem of Size

What is troublesome, however, about these pictures is not their sentiment. That is a question of personal taste. What is troublesome is a more serious, technical matter: the scale; which is to say, the amount of detail and elaboration in the image depicted, in relation to the picture's actual dimensions in feet and inches.

A large picture needs a great deal

more elaboration and detailed work than the exact enlargement of a small one will provide. A small picture enlarged to big-picture size will appear thin. This is because, quite simply, we judge a picture's size by the size of the man who painted it—by our awareness of the muscular tensions involved in the size of the motions of his hand and of the strokes of his brush. Thus, the size of a picture is not a relative matter at all, but is an absolute quantity measurable by the normal proportions of man himself. And it is only by its scale—by the size of the details and by the elaboration of the work—that we are made aware how large a particular picture is.

In these and in a great many similar Picassos of later years, the elaboration of detail bears no relation whatsoever to the size of the canvas. This is not true of his earlier pictures. Consider the wonderful carnival family in the museum at Chicago. There we have a large picture where perfect scaling gives dignity to the figures and grandeur to the conception. But in these more recent pictures the scale is constantly faulty. They are like small pictures mechanically blown up. As a consequence, they appear thin, overemphatic, and inhuman. They are too meager for the walls of a private house, where a painting must have a certain elaboration in depth if it is to withstand our constant inspection, and a shade too strident even for the walls of a museum, where the comparison with classical masterpieces could be disadvantageous.

It is fortunate for Picasso's reputation that his work is so largely known through reproductions, where the actual size of the original picture is not evident. But when one stands before the pictures themselves, the question arises of the painter's intention. If these are small pictures blown up to more impressive dimensions, then they are the work of a virtuoso seeking immediate effect. If this is the size of the pictures as conceived, then they are either the hasty work of a brutal mind, or they represent the economies of a painter whose hand has lost its patience. One could wish in the work of so popular an artist more depth and less brauvura.

Let us make no mistake: this is the work of a very great painter. The group is uneven in quality. One or



Picasso (at work)

two of the canvases are more interesting as jokes than as painting, and the two small sculptures included—a cock and a monkey—are lumpy, unfinished, unskilled. Apparently the painter has no gift or love for clay. But his images are very difficult to forget.

Leaving the three exhibitions, it was not Chagall and his charm one best remembered; it was Picasso, who is frequently said to have revolutionized every painting concept of his time, and Bonnard, who is also a great painter and changed nothing at all.

Road or Detour

I have described these exhibitions in some detail because the styles of these three painters define the three approaches to painting common in our time. Chagall's approach is that of all the other painters of fantasy—of Dali, Tchelitchew, Berman, the group known as "Magic Realists," and the rest. These painters take for subject-matter an interior state—perhaps a dream, or an attitude toward intimacy or love, a romantic evocation of the past, or a mystical apprehension of nature—and present it in an appropriate painting idiom. The idiom may be anything from the loose generalization of Bérard to the tight brushwork of Cadmus, or Max Ernst's systematic use of accidental patterns of paint. With such variety of means and subject, all fantasy painting has nevertheless this in common: its subject-matter could conceivably have literary expression. It is poetic painting. Its popular and commercial aspects are stage design and advertising art.

Naturalism, the second approach, exemplified here by Bonnard, is as old as painting itself. It is the great tradition of painting. It is continued in our time by any number of painters, such as Leonid, Stumpfig, or de Pisis, to mention only a few. It is bound up with no particular means of painting and with no specialized subject-matter. The painter is looking at the outside world through the changing prisms of his eye and brain. The outside world is continuously in flux: the mind that seeks to record it is never twice the same. The interplay of these two fluid elements offers unlimited variety. Remembering the variety of the work executed under this canon

in the past, one is tempted to believe that this is still the painter's most fecund working method. However, the commercial and popular aspects of this kind of painting are so mercilessly condemned by the critical world today that the words "Naturalism" and "Realism" have become scarecrows to frighten children and students.

Picasso illustrates the third possibility, abstraction. In fact, he is credibly claimed to have invented it. Here, a real image—an apple, a harlequin, or a mother and child—is generalized, abstracted from its particular individuality as a unique object, and depicted in a simplified vocabulary derived from another, possibly historical, style of art. Thus the subject-matter of the painting becomes, not the image presented, but an analysis of a style of painting or a mode of composition.

Household Cubism

This has become the standard painting of our time, the best taught and the most publicized. It has one serious weakness: it easily degenerates into decorative pattern. As Gertrude Stein once remarked, a completely abstract picture will be either decorative or pornographic. Even as early as 1925,

Classical Cubism had become a popular style of household decoration. Picasso himself, aware of this danger, had long before taken on, as an anti-decorative discipline, a variety of emotional and even violent subjects; and in 1927 he publicly condemned the Constructivist sets of Gabo and Pevsner for Henri Sauguet's ballet "La Chatte," as "Cubisme pour les Galeries Lafayette"—Cubism for department stores.

As one can see, these three approaches to painting differ only in the subject-matter. The painter of fantasy tells a subjective or poetic story, using pictorial symbols and visual devices instead of words. The naturalistic painter tries to share with others the world he believes to lie in front of his own eyes. The subject matter of the abstract painter is a description of art itself.

For the last thirty years we have tried to convince ourselves, to our great confusion, that the value of a work of art lies in the simple perfection of its shapes and colors—in what the critic Clive Bell once called its "significant forms." Now, in the middle of the century, it is about time to recognize that shapes and colors are only a means, and that the art of painting—like any other art—is a form of communication.

NATIONAL TRENDS

(Continued from p. 8)

enced . . . by the subversive activities or ideologies of his relatives or associates."

It is generally conceded that derogatory information relating to an employee's associations is useful only to the extent it tends to reveal the subject's own ideological commitments. But the Brucker directive makes a quite different point: Derogatory associations may not even be weighed if the government does not possess corroborative evidence tending to show that the subject was adversely "influenced" by the association. Hence Army security officers have the burden of making out a convincing case against the subject before they are entitled to require him to give them an accounting of his associations.

By way of illustration, let us assume these facts: Harry Gold is under investigation by the Army; the FBI reports that, prior to induction, he had been spotted meeting clandestinely with Klaus Fuchs, a known Soviet agent; the FBI is unaware, however, that a transmission of atom bomb secrets took place at such meetings. On the basis of these facts, the government is not (under the new Brucker directive) entitled to remark the Fuchs association in a "Letter of Allegations" against Gold.

There is no reason to suppose that such "improvements" will be confined to the Army: After reading the Brucker directive, Senator Hennings promptly announced that his Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights will call upon Secretary of Defense Wilson to explain why other branches of the armed forces have not adopted the Army's "common sense rules."

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

TV Playwright: From Girdles to Riches

The representative TV playwright is by nature and vocation an advertising copywriter who only yesterday was pushing men's and women's wear. Today, Messrs. Simon and Schuster (who also have got everything that it takes to push men's and women's wear, but happen to run a publishing firm) present *Six Television Plays* by Reginald Rose. I have read the volume. I am no longer certain that this is the best of all possible worlds.

Mr. Rose, because he writes a play every five days, is getting the Lope de Vega treatment. In fact, Mr. Rose implies that Lope de Vega, having written only about 200 plays in a whole lifetime, was sterile: Rose has authored more than 30 plays in less than five years. And six of them are now saved for eternity.

Now whatever else one may think of Messrs. Simon and Schuster, they don't run a charity ball. On the contrary, these two gentlemen are in the publishing business strictly for their own health; and they publish a book only if they expect it to sell, or if they are entirely persuaded that the stature of the author will enhance the firm's credit. In Mr. Rose's case, either assumption is shattering but both are correct: the book will sell and Mr. Rose's fame will enhance Simon and Schuster's credit.

"As an advertising copywriter," confesses Mr. Rose in the Foreword to his collected early plays, "I must admit that the work I did was creative, though a bit stifling perhaps. Sample: 'This lovely wisp of a girdle effortlessly tucks you in at the tummy, as it flattens you at the *derrière*.' For five years," continues Mr. Rose, "I had wanted to call a spade a spade, and a *derrière* a behind. Television finally allowed me this pleasure."

Television has done even more. It has allowed us to meet Mr. Reginald Rose. The second most celebrated TV playwright of this doomed epoch, next only to Mr. Paddy Chayevsky himself, Mr. Rose is not (as the above quotation would menacingly indi-

cate) a humorist but a visionary among copywriters on men's and women's wear. His plays have received the Christopher Award, the Sylvania Award and the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences Award.

Mr. Rose tells us that he now enjoys a "kind of creative and financial fulfillment [that] was beyond my reach before I began writing for television." I wouldn't know about the creative fulfillment, but the size of the financial fulfillment is staggering: Mr. Rose is making more than all our major poets put together.

One is therefore not at all surprised to learn that Mr. Rose is as far to the Left of ADA as anyone can be without taking serious chances on an extremely well-paying position. He can't forgive our society for paying him so well. Rather, he secretly despises a civilization so stupid as to pamper smart nitwits; and he openly advocates Social Reform.

But not even that would I hold against him—if he only showed signs of indigenous talent! Yet he is worse than second-rate. He is pathetic. Even more, he is impudently tasteless. For it is one thing to make a comfortable living by producing trash for the insatiable TV moloch; and it is quite another thing to present it afterwards in indelible print. A man who cashes in on other people's inferiority can perhaps be forgiven; but to offer rubbish with the raised finger of a social pedagogue, and with the self-enamored pretentiousness of a child prodigy, is unpardonable.

Yet this is exactly what Mr. Rose is doing in his *Six Television Plays*—and he is doing it with an abandon that is almost disarming. "A new school of serious writers has sprung up in the past few years," he jubilates in his paean to television, "writers with much that is important and revealing to say about the social patterns of our times. Were there no television," he naively adds, "with its endless demand for material, most of

these writers would be scrambling to compete in overcrowded markets . . . or, faced with meeting the economic needs of their families, they would be forced into other fields. I can't help going back to reminiscences about my singularly drab advertising career in making this point . . ."

No truer word was ever spoken by a TV writer. Were there no television, Mr. Rose would indeed still be turning out copy about *derrières*—and how, in the face of this fact, can anyone still defend technological progress? I don't remember specifically the girdle ads the undiscovered Mr. Rose kept dreaming up, but I have read his *Six Television Plays*. And as I, too, had always wanted to call a spade a spade, I must say that Mr. Rose, as a playwright and thinker, deserves a thorough spanking of his *derrière*.

"No one with a pair of eyes and a television set can be unaware of Reginald Rose," Messrs. Simon and Schuster begin their blurb on the dustcover. Alas, they are right. More than sixty million Americans must have been repeatedly exposed to Mr. Rose. And to see now, in cold print, what he is, amounts to sheer terror.

The first play, *The Remarkable Incident at Carson Corners*, is a maudlin and slightly nauseating exposure of adult "social irresponsibility" by a bunch of brats. The second, *Thunder in Sycamore Street*, is a maudlin and slightly nauseating exposure of what makes people "discriminate." The third, *Twelve Angry Men*, is a maudlin and slightly nauseating dissection of a jury's base motivations. The fourth, *An Almanac of Liberty*, is a maudlin and slightly nauseating attack on "McCarthyism." The fifth, *Crime in the Streets*, is a maudlin and slightly nauseating look at juvenile delinquents who turn out to be promising common men. The sixth, *The Incredible World of Horace Ford*, is a maudlin and slightly nauseating "fantasy" about a man who never grew up.

This last play, one would assume, has autobiographic elements. If so, Mr. Rose may yet graduate into a decent profession—say, men's and women's wear. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Rose is too strongly entrenched as one of the decade's celebrated TV authors to have second thoughts. And his first thoughts leave no doubt that he is the cocksurest nonentity on TV since Murrow.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Reveille at Sundown

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

Professor Charles Frankel is an honest man, a man of genuine good will. He has a keen, wide-ranging, well-stocked mind, and a style that is always graceful and not infrequently brilliant and witty. He merits a kind of attention that the Liberal movement's hacks and vested pleaders cannot claim, and merits it the more because this book (*The Case for Modern Man*, Harper & Brothers, \$3.50) is an attempt to "formulate an outlook which . . . expresses the working principles of practical liberalism," and to re-examine its credentials "by considering the most representative and influential indictments which have been drawn up against it."

Liberals look out upon today's world, says Prof. Frankel, with "their imaginations jaundiced and dispirited, doubtful about the fundamental categories in which to view their past, uncertain about the way to implement their hopes for the future, even uncertain about what hopes to have." And he hopes that his book "can do something to revive that jaundiced imagination, and to restore, in a criticized form, the ideas and ideals which once nourished it."

Frankel's "defense of the revolution of modernity" fails, however, and for this reason: the great shell of Modern Liberalism has become incapable of bringing forth anything other than the little shells known as Modern Man. Everywhere in the so-called free world today, Liberalism, though often called by other names, is triumphant; and everywhere it is dying, because the battered old world of sin and sorrow has of late been too much with it. For several centuries Liberalism has been blithely calling our tunes and even more blithely supplying our blueprints. It has been all things to all men (and has long been promising all things to all women). It has been diabolically quick on its feet, changing its spots at will, rolling beautifully with the punches. It has hunted with the libertarians and run with the collectivists. It has been for the individual one week, for society the next; and not above playing the state against both the week after that.

It has made use of God and Natural Law when it was expedient to do so; and it has stripped man of his metaphysical supports and religious safeguards when it was more expedient

to do that. It has long had a secular death-grip on the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity; and for generations has had a corner on all the "good" words like Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and on all the "prestige" terms like Science, Progress, Tolerance, and Humanitarianism.

In its later manifestations, anyway, Liberalism has been largely a squat-ter philosophy—living off the fat of other people's lands and principles (and, it should be noted, exploiting to the limit the layers of fat on other people's heads). Liberalism's earliest marriages were made, nominally at least, in heaven; but its most recent ones have been almost exclusively marriages of convenience, or purely companionate. And today, after all the estrangements and divorces, it is leading a cushy, if uneasy and unhappy, alimony existence.

Liberalism has succeeded all too

well in whittling down its Greek, Jewish, and Christian heritage to the point where now it can only mumble vaguely of social this or economic that, and whistle shrilly midst the encircling collectivist gloom for more social engineering, more bold, imaginative, and exciting over-all planning, more vigorous, affirmative governmental action.

"It seems to me perfectly plain," says Prof. Frankel, "that most of our personal anxieties and individual uncertainties are rooted in quite objective social disorders; and if we do not know what to believe, or what to believe in, the reason is not the turmoil within but the fog outside. To see our way through this fog we need social ideas not personal therapy." Thus, or so it seems perfectly plain to us, Socrates and Aristotle, Augustine and Pascal, are down the drain at last, and the soul of man is about to be stuffed into the belly of The Group.

Unlike many other Liberal apologists, however, Prof. Frankel deals his cards from the top of the deck. Unlike still others, he confronts, not sitting ducks or straw men, but such formidable thinkers as Maritain, Niebuhr, Mannheim, and Toynbee, and scores some real hits. Moreover, he does such a full and scrupulous job of presenting his opponents' positions that the reader is likely to feel that he has been more valorous than wise—that in giving their cases he has given away his own. In a word: he has planted enemy land mines all over his book, and every now and again he steps on one.

However, if you are among those who think that our problems today are essentially "political, not moral"; if you prefer "an experimental attitude toward morals and society" to "absolutistic moral codes"; if you believe that only physical science is able to provide the basic techniques and examples by which men can "divest themselves of bias and attain an impersonal objectivity"; if you hold

that "it is not because political behavior is random and haphazard that we do not have much objective knowledge about it," but rather the other way round; if you see a serious objection to the belief in original sin in the fact that "it is not a belief that has spread much joy"; if you assume that "men do not have to love the same ultimate good to live at peace with one another"—that "good manners will do the job perfectly well"; if you consider "agreement on ultimate ends or on an abstract philosophy...a purely verbal affair..."

If, further, you applaud "the attempt of liberalism to take a social ethic whose classic sanctions have been religious and to reformulate it on a secular basis"; if you feel that "our trouble is not the denial of absolutes," and that "our cure is not a return to the eternal verities"; if you maintain that no way of life is "absolutely and forever better than other ways of life," and that "it all depends...on what human beings want"; if you agree that "while in-

crease in material well-being may not guarantee virtue, it removes the principal source of vice"; if you think "it is sufficient to consult human interests in this world when evaluating a social proposal or a political order"; if you feel that religious and philosophical beliefs should be treated almost wholly as private affairs, "without political significance as such"; if you concede that "our fear of Marxism, one cannot help but suspect, reflects our interest in it, our nagging feeling that it is one step ahead of us in providing what we all need—some sense of where we are going and how we are to get there..."

If you subscribe to all or most of these dogmas, then Prof. Frankel may very well be your guide, and *The Case for Modern Man* your Liberal breviary. But count us out, please. For if *Modern Man* is obsolete, it is not, we suspect, because he is in immediate danger of blowing his carcass right off this planet, but because, among other things, he has confused reason with rationalism and mistaken his gizzard for his soul.

Too Busy for Heartbreak

A Journey to Greatness: The Life and Music of George Gershwin, by David Ewen. 384 pp. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$5.00

Before 1922, the words "American music" were more a courtesy than a reality. There were American-born composers, but they were either tunesmiths pure and simple, like Stephen Foster and Irving Berlin; or like Cadman and MacDowell they were still too overwhelmed by European tradition to write anything independently American in spirit or style. Of course, as we know now, there was an insurance executive named Charles Ives, who was writing some of the most original music of the century in his spare time; but none of it was being heard.

On the other hand, commercial music at the commercial-cum-folk level abounded. Besides Tin Pan Alley in New York, jazz bands in New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago were pouring out a purity of expression which we now look back on with awe. But this was still so close to the anonymous folk level that

few individual composers—as distinct from instrumentalists — emerged. W. C. Handy remains the best-known exception.

Then, just after World War One, George Gershwin appeared. His parents were St. Petersburg Jews who had come to New York's East Side about 1891. There George grew up in an era when America was feeling its oats in a brash, eager, unselfconscious way it will never know again. At fifteen, he left high school and took a job as a song-plugger in Tin Pan Alley. The rest is legend: how Al Jolson introduced his first song hit *Swanee*; how Paul Whiteman commissioned him, at twenty-four, to write a "symphony"; how in 1922 an audience including Heifetz, Stravinsky and Kreisler heard a hotly magnetic potpourri called *Rhapsody in Blue*; how, from then on, over Broadway, Paris, Havana and Hollywood, Gershwin's star never stopped shooting straight up until the July morning in 1937 when it suddenly vanished.

Hundreds of articles, books in French, Dutch, German, and Italian,

and one of the most preposterous movies ever made have already treated this legend. But for the next few decades, this new biography by David Ewen ought to be definitive. There are nine appendices, listing everything from recordings to original performances, and dozens of lively photographs. The text follows a close scent on the hero's career through all of his thirty-eight years; touches lightly on his rapid-fire love-life ("I'd be terribly broken-hearted if I weren't so damned busy," he once said, when one of his current girls got married); and thoroughly recapitulates all the anecdotes about his father, vanity, fame and money-making.

Speaking of *Rhapsody in Blue*, Mr. Ewen says "it is the musical voice of the turbulent 20s," and speaks for its epoch "as vividly as an Offenbach cancan does for the Second French Empire." Doubtless it does, but I don't think this is the whole secret of its appeal. Composers as sophisticated as Ravel and Alban Berg were enchanted by it, and even the hieratic Maestro Toscanini eventually conducted (and dulled) its racy charms. Whatever one's degree of musical literacy, hearing it for the first time is an extraordinary experience.

Why? Not just because it speaks for the twenties, but because it speaks so frankly for the young man who wrote it. Gershwin was about as close to being a primitive as a composer can be. His "art"—hard as he studied—is transparently naive. But when the clarinet portamento slides up to its high B-flat in the first two bars of the *Rhapsody*, we encounter a spirit which addresses us as unabashedly as Walt Whitman.

It is in this sense, I think, that Gershwin is a significant American composer. European art has always tended to be a guildsman's product which speaks with an editorial "We." American art, at its most characteristic, has begun with the First Person Singular. In *Walden*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Enormous Room*, we find a maverick boldness of personal avowal which no European—except maybe the intractable William Blake—could ever have dreamed of, much less declared. *Rhapsody in Blue* marks its first appearance in American music.

ROBERT PHELPS

How Firm a Foundation?

Philanthropic Foundations, by F. Emerson Andrews. 459 pp. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. \$5.00

Foundations, which might have been one of the vitamins of the modern world, are in danger of becoming one of its viruses. They present a deadly paradox. Created by the virile energies of some of the geniuses of free enterprise, they represent the gathered potency of such men. But these stored-up energies have fallen into the hands of cool, intellectual, passionless academics, who often use them to destroy the roots of enterprise. A tough old Henry Ford made the millions; a brash, bubble-chasing Robert Hutchins employs them to deflate the price system. (All italics mine.)

Most of the men who now dominate foundations could never have made the money they are handling. By way of compensation, they use it like Swift's pundits in the academy of Sagado—to petrify the jury system, or to set blind men the task of declaring that, look as they may, they can see no Communists.

Foundations are the new Alexandria, the suburban Heaven of the schoolmen, the Kingdom Come of the resolute Procrustean planners. Old Henry and Andrew in Heaven must need the grace of God—in order not to gnash their celestial teeth.

This book is a neat, tidy package full of the Foundation Mind. It is a deft, orderly projection of the nature and function of foundations, which slides by smooth imperceptible declension into a sauvé and oleaginous certification of the virtue of foundations *vis-à-vis* the Vice Squads of Congress. When it tells us facts and underlying patterns, it is interesting and sound, since who could know these better than F. Emerson Andrews? But when it discusses the Reece Committee, or writes testimonials to the chastity of foundations, it is both false and specious. As philosophy, it is either "innocent" in the Irish sense—or it is a deliberate whitewashing of something very black.

The result is that any politically unsophisticated citizen is going to be lulled into slumber by some quite patent Liberal opium for the people. We

are told, for example, that in the foundations, "as in other segments of American life, Communism, or at least the fear of it, has become a personnel problem," and that "members of Congress together with irresponsible elements in the press made sweeping charges of Communist infiltration of foundations, pointing to Alger Hiss. . . ." The Cox Committee is gently (yet *de haut en bas*) debunked for such procedure; even the acknowledgement that this "is a timely warning in this period of some positive danger and more public hysteria" is in the nature of a sneer or smear.

(All italics mine.)

Andrews, like all his ilk, seems to believe—or wants to believe—that "Communism" is the sole danger to America and the single concern of conservatives. The Liberals have no slightest conception that individualists object equally to the flattening rigidities of the Fabians and the political bed of Procrustes that all collectivists prepare for man.

Andrews is peculiarly sophistical about the Reece Committee. He notes that Representative Reece made a reservation about his report because he had "insufficient time for the magnitude of [the] task." Andrews seems to think this whitewashes the foundations and blackwashes Reece. But Representative Reece only meant that the Augean stables of the foundations were so foul that they needed even greater cleansing rivers. Again, Andrews speaks of the Reece report in sneering, slighting terms, and suggests that the great report fails because one witness held "that even the federal income tax was a socialist plot to destroy the government"—where the very words used show the author's incomprehension and bias. The *minority report*, by contrast, signed by the brash and raucous Wayne L. Hays, is quoted at length and with applause.

"Little evidence exists," Andrews writes, ". . . that these charges were taken seriously by any considerable group. . . ." So the "right-thinking" Trojans spoke of Laocoön, and gleefully rolled the Trojan Horse through the shattered walls the night before Troy fell in blood and fire.

E. MERRILL ROOT

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Satirical Novels

Give It Back to the Indians, by Harlan Gerber. 187 pp. New York: Pageant Press, Inc. \$3.50

The Slaughterhouse Informer, by Edward Hyams. 256 pp. New York and Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. \$3.50

Both of these humorous novels deal with advertising. Mr. Gerber's hero, a professional liar employed by a large advertising agency in New York, escapes from the dreary routine of his existence by becoming involved in a new movement for Social Justice. Mr. Hyams' decadent Englishmen transform a moribund weekly into a journal of opinion with three million subscribers by devising a contest that really attracts readers: the first prize, to be delivered to the winner tax-free, is a virgin complete with wedding gown and furnished house. The American author has hit upon the more promising theme for satire, but he has made all of his characters nitwits, and cannot, accordingly, rise above the level of farce. The English author, who urbanely assumes that some of his readers may be so highly educated that they will not be paralyzed by an allusion to Milton or a few words of Latin, is able to supplement farce with good comedy. Both humorists, however, are handicapped by the difficulty of imagining incidents more bizarre than the quotidian events of the age in which they live.

Mr. Gerber's plan to expel the white man from Manhattan Island may yet appear on the agenda of the United Nations, and none of Mr. Hyam's characters is so complete a social travesty as Earl Attlee.

R. P. O.

To the Editor

Dr. Gideonse

In his article on Dr. Gideonse of May 2, Russell Kirk points out that . . . "he has successfully defended his faculty against vague charges of subversive activity, and has dealt the radical right as hard blows as he has dealt the radical left."

This is, undoubtedly, a reference to the dispute between Dr. Gideonse and the Joint Committee Against Communism, composed of people whose thinking coincides with that of your editorial staff and which furnished

information . . . concerning eighteen members of the faculty of Brooklyn College. He castigated the Joint Committee . . . and sneered at the information furnished.

In a phone conversation with Rabbi Schulz, Gideonse stated he would not permit "McCarthyism" to influence him. "What do you mean by 'McCarthyism'?" asked Rabbi Schulz. "I mean crucifying a person without evidence," was Gideonse's reply.

Every one of the eighteen who were so stoutly defended by Gideonse had

a record which warranted the investigation called for by the Joint Committee . . . Nor was there anything vague about the charges, all of which were documented.

For your information, the chairman of the subcommittee which offended Gideonse was Alfred Kohlberg, probably the least vague member of the "radical right" in existence. . . .

New York City MATTHEW J. SHEVLIN

Collective Security

You published an article by the astute Frenchman, Raymond Cartier, on "Why Does the World Hate America?" in your issue of May 2. But he does not tell us why; he only paints a horrifying picture of that hatred, and urges our government in his last sentence to "follow openly and intelligently the policy of its own interest." This is good advice, and we will come to that by and by. . . .

But first Americans must shake out of their minds the idea . . . that the General Will of all nations can bestow something called collective security on humanity again in a twinkling.

Washington, D.C. JEANNE D. BRYNES

Moral Re-Armament

I was a little disturbed at Mr. Montgomery Green's unprovoked attack on Moral Re-Armament [May 16]. . . . I feel we should assume the best of such a group until such time as evidence is presented proving that it is dangerous, or a threat to principles we hold dear. Mr. Green does not present such evidence. . . .

Mackinac Island, Mich. B. MCN.

Mr. Schlamm's Column

A regular favorite of mine . . . is Mr. Schlamm's stimulating column of criticism, although I feel at times that he is unlimbering his heavy artillery on some infinitesimal targets, such as Paddy Chayefsky's innocuous pokings into the microcosms of New York urban life.

It is when a person who possesses Mr. Schlamm's eloquence, literary gifts and unwavering independence of thought finds an event capable of moving him to unbridled enthusiasm that his writing becomes a thing of beauty and a joy to behold, as his review of the concert of the Virtuosi di Roma will attest.

Sea Cliff, N.Y. E. L. STILLMAN

Margaret Cone

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